### THOSE LOOMIS GIRLS.

Matthew Loomis was a persistent man, a trait exemplified by his family. There was a succession of six girls before the son and helr, so essential to its dignity and fortune, These preliminaries to parental satisfaction realized, as soon as they could communicate with one another, that they were incidents and not events. Each one seemed to acquire an apologetic expression under the very molding of the nurse's fingers. This sense of insignificance was so apparent that the clergyman at the several christenings always hesitated, as if doubting the application of so sacred a rite, and once asked for the child's number in-

Benjamin, as Matthew Loomis rather pointedly called his son, was confided to their joint care "the girls," from being vassals, became slaves. Perhaps, though, on account of their willingness, they should be termed priestesses to the Lares and Penates which the lad represented. They never suffered the sacred fires of his importance to dwindle until he grew old enough to take charge of himself, and then, of course, the flames were augmented.

The Leamis sisters were, indeed good ugh not one of them ever had the quote "Han Isome is what handdoes," Abigail, the eldest, set the pace; the others followed like Indian warer very traces. They were thus a o her, as she was an emulation It was a moral game of "follow your master." Each sister put on her elder's excellencies as she did her cast-off clothing. And there was an abundance of this latter in the household, for the girls grew like weeds-that is, like stringy weeds. Their good mother was always boasting of the day when they would begin "to fill out." Alas! when the final stature was reached, Nature had exhausted her material.

And so, when they were young ladies, that is, when Judith, the youngest, had reached the age where the others awaited her, the family page was as replete with exclamation points as a sketch by a dialect writer. However, the girls were as single in purpose as they were in destiny. That purpose was Benjamin; and, like themselves, that purpose was very plain. Although this was in accordance with the laws of consanguinity, they resolved that imagination should wipe away that touch of nature

They each remembered their first collective view of the child as an unrelated nightmare. The boy was undoubtedly cross-eyed and his hair was literary in quality-that is, well red. One gasp of consternation and then had followed the resolution aforesaid; by faith to make him whole. Once only was there a lapse for them, although Benjamin, of course, was cuddled in six. Poor Hannah, one of the intermediaries over whose identity every one, including herself, stum-bled, achieved disgrace and remorse through an unheeding girlish enthusiasm.

"Oh. the sweet little tootsey-wootsey," she had cried, "I'm sure I caught his eye." "Eyes! Sarah, Elizabeth, Judith, Rachel, Hannah, I mean," exclaimed Abigail severely, and the reproof became a mental pin mark to the five.

So tender did they grow in this regard that one day Elizabeth spoke of the shade of the pressed brick house building across the way as "golden," and they all con-gratulated her on the felicity of the term. Alas! that golden tinge was destined soon to become jaundice to the girls. One afternoon, when they were starting out for a stroll, they were severally shocked into elongated vibrations by hearing the taunting cry of "giraffes," and by seeing a rude little girl on the opposite porch, with pointing finger and protruding tongue. A pretty little girl, too, with eyes dancing more blithely than her tiny feet, and hair that the breeze wove a glory around her head. "If that child were mine," said Rachel, onspicuous in the flock of blunt speech, "I would shake her." And the others, while they deplored the condition, applauded its conclusion; indeed, on the following day they would have moved jointly to its conclusion, had they not been too moved to do so. For there were two taunting voices, two fingers and tongues of scorn, two forms that danced, and one, alas, so awkwardly that affectation could not be so blind as to fail

"It's Benjamin!" sighed the five.
"Benjamin!" repeated Abigail with a
moan. "Ichabod, rather, for our glory has and truly Ruth Atkins, for this was the little girl's name, acquired without seeking an influence over Benjamin which the girls could never find. Doubtless it sprang from contrast, for he learned that with her his will was valueless except as an alternative. Ruth barely endured him, but this endurance was his delight. His sisters found that neither catalogue. neither cajolery nor menace could affect his Infatuation, so they stored it away with his eye and his hair. It became their thorn in the flesh, and the former was as real as

the latter was lacking. There, too, it remained, though Ruth herself came to their aid for its outplucking. One day Benjamin lay on the floor of the parlor, kicking and screaming, while the six stood around, each one exemplifying alike Patience and the monument. Then before the window flashed an indignant little form. "You horrid boy," cried Ruth, "to treat your sisters so. I never want to speak to you again, so there. If they are giraffes, you are a hyena, and a cross-eyed one, too.' But in vain. The hyena became but another count in the indictment against Ruth, and the stoutest proof under it was that Benjamin's partiality was not modified by it, save as plants are forced by a fervent neat. The lad had ample chance to inflict his companionship. He believed with the old song that there was no place like home. especially since that home was across the street from Ruth's. Besides, he had no distraction. He was not liked by the boys of his age. How could he be? They were accustomed to give and take; he was taught only to receive. He was persistent, and ued playfellows, just as indifference and adoration often mate. And the six up-

raised twelve spatulate palms in abhor-

There was another cause, not reason, for the sisters' dislike of the little girl. It was not to be supposed that because they were self-immelated on the altar of devotion sentiment might not penetrate where love was repelled. Indeed, they shared a soft passion, he softer and hence the more agreeable because unknown and unsuspected beyond the ideal virgin bosom in which they each had a one-sixth interest. There was the young doctor around the corner, the cynosure of their dreams, the sleeping Endymion gazed upon by a half dozen Dianas-Dianas, alas! each without a beau. Poor young man, to pursue the dull routine of his profession in ignorance of such a store of bliss near by; as the husbandman -oh, improbable phrase-may drive the tar-dy plow over rock-imbedded gold. And yet the girls argued there was meaning in his bow, and his very glance seemed to speak. (Perhaps it cried, "Lord, how long," for the mute prayers of friends for deliverance are sometimes personal in their application.) "Perhaps," as Judith, who was poetical, once breathed in suggestion, "perhaps he can't determine which posy to pluck." Perhaps, on the other hand, had he considered, he would have judged the "posy" to be an old-fashioned and withered flower. But sentiment has no business with probabilities they concern its enemy-sense. The girls were well content to nourish this innocent flame, until Rachel, the blunt spoken, caused it to assume a forked tongue. "Oh, girls!" she cried one day, "what do you think? Our young doctor takes that ittle minx across the way driving with him, and actually lets her hold the reins. Then hatred welled the common heart and flashed from the collective eye. "Insatiate archer, could not one suffice?" Jealousy can twist the hands of the clock in any direction, give infancy the arts of maturity and bedeck age with the charms of youth. It can, and it did. Twice wounded, the six vowed that never would they forgive their unsuspecting and guileless antagonist. Then came change and decay. Change for Ruth, and-well, it were ungallant to comment on the ravages of time. Mr. Atkins, Ruth's father, had business abroad, and took his family with him. The "golden" house was closed, and the little mink across the way disappeared from view for many a year. From view, but not from mind, for the stx now lived in reminiscence. As they themselves did not change, so the young doctor remained the young doctor. Benjamin, in indulgence, at least, the little lad, and Ruth, that chit of the pointing finger and protruding tongue. Each day they discussed her, and they never added a hem to her dress, and never, never did up her Constant inspection of an undenlable mustache at length caused "the girls" to jump Renjamin from ten years to "twenty, in

which niche he was sure to remain for the rest of his life. He was too alive to his own dignity for them not to yield in this respect. An occasional oath drove from him the delusions which could easily enwrap the young doctor and Ruth alike distant. Renjamin had put on manly things in an unmanly way. The girls could cuddle him. but only on his own terms, cash down. He viewed himself with the eyes of falth, and thus was "the substance of things hoped

in reality he was puny and meager, with a bicycler's back, but without the compensating muscle. He made no mistake about Ruth's age and appearance. She would be altogether adorable and desirable. The mistake he did make was thinking young man of the times, and young men | celving calls. of the times are satisfied with nothing that | Curtain.

is, with themselves. He was a young man of the times; ah, well, the times must then be out of joint. Matthew Loomis, the father, had long since passed into another sphere, there to atone by an eternal contemplation of the Malthusian theory. The gentle mother had sank into that state where every day is Saturday evening. The girls managed the household and Benjamin managed the girls. They and he shared everything in common, that is, they held and he enjoyed. As he told the boys at the club, he "looked after

He did, after its increase, and when he had finished there was no need of any one else doing so, for there remained nothing to see. But he satisfied the girls, and what more could a brother do? Since they pro-claimed him the flower of the family, he would accommodate them so far as his attributes permitted by complacently abstaining from all manner of toiling and spinning. One day Elizabeth, the enthusiastic, came to the assemblage of her sisters in a great excitement. The house across the way was opened. The family had evidently returned. She had seen a grand, beautiful young lady at the parlor window. Could it be that that little spitfire Ruth had been so transformed by foreign travel?

"Nonsense," said Abigall, and a sibilant echo arose from the four. "You do imagine such extraordinary things, Elizabeth. We haven't changed; why should she? Likely

you saw her governess.' Poor Elizabeth, she thought of so many arguments she could have advanced had she dared. But suppose she deserted this com-munity of thought, oh, where would she be? Wandering through a thicket with the glimmer of one poor light, instead of the glow of six. Oh, no, spinsterhood required support. "It must have been the governess."

But the next morning Benjamin declared the unfolding of the hated chrysalis. "I made a call last evening," he confided to them generally, as they witnessed the opening of his eggs. "A most charming creature, by Jove. My old friend, Ruth Atkins. I was quite taken off my feet." Euckly the six were seated, else they might have followed his example.

"Creature," snapped Abigail, "she was always that," and there was an attempt at contemptuous laughter. Yet, how could one laugh contemptuously when one was in-clined to cry and to scratch? The idea. What right had that chit to gain form and beauty? Was it not the height of impudence and shamelessness to thus acquire foreign graces for the undoing of young men? Thank God, the good old-fashioned way yet suffices for them; nor were they without honor, either. Did not the young doctor still maintain his respectful admiration? There was comfort in this common thought, which covered over, though it could not deaden, their fiery rage against

ones, against, ah, such a tender one. An omoat, yet the weaker force withdrew the fresher. Ruth smiled as she approached, and blushed a little. Her eyes were raised almost imploringly as she bowed. The six, in a serried column, glared, with glances as cold and expressionless as bosses on a church window. Oh, the de-light of such a triumph. For once, six discreet dresses were a trifle tight across six exultant breasts. For once there was a break in old-time reminiscences. "We have taught her her place," cried

"And Benjamin a lesson," responded the

Ah, the confident bliss of ignorance. At that moment Ruth's place was by the young doctor's side, rehearsing her encounter to their mutual amusement. At that moment Benjamin, at his club, was assuring some of the boys that he was a "gone coon," and about to do the great act, and to put his head in the noose. "So let's have one more for a send-off." A pleasing habit it is to thus substitute flushed fancy for sober fact; a pleasing habit, but a dangerous one, especially if the next day con-tinues where the day before left off. It was nearing the dinner hour on the following afternoon when Benjamin sought his home; sought it, literally, although the way was so familiar. Amid his mental muldle as to identity and whereabouts his imagination dared continue upon Ruth. It pictured him as he should be and her as she then would be. A tricky thing is this same imagination, and never so insidious

Benjamin had absorbed too much and

as when it masquerades as reason.

was too much absorbed to heed such sublunary trifles as distant shouts, which kept gaining in intensity. He saw Ruth sitting on the porch. Surely she, too, saw him and was motioning to him. Ah, what had he told the boys, and what but now had been his reassurances? He would cross over-why, she herself was rushing toward him with arms extended. What a man he was, of what presence, of what charm. The shouts had increased into screams, demanding attention. The pavement rumbled and sent forth sharp, menacing clicks. At length Benjamin did look around and away fled fickle imagination, leaving him surrounded by fright and panic and deadly peril. A runaway team, dragging a heavy dray, that swayed and tossed from side to side as if lighter than pasteboard, was almost upon him. Benjamin turned and slipped and fell. As he did so he, too, screamed a horrid sound, the keynote of his soul. A repuisive object he certainly was to any fair young votary of love; yet delicate hands seized him, a beautiful form bent and strained and dragged him to one

Benjamin, gasping and giddy, lay prone in the dust. It was comfortable there, since one knew that one could not fall any lower, and when trees and houses and sky were behaving in such an extraordinarily unnatural fashion, such a comfort was no trifle. He knew, moreover, that it was Ruth who stood beside him, and he reached out his hand and grasped her dress and pressed its hem to his lips. The girl tore from his clutches and fled into the house. Out from the Loomis homestead poured the devoted six. They bore the stricken man within weeping over him as often as they had wept over a naughty schoolboy with dirty face, and tenderly ministering to him. And when Benjamin was fast asleep in his bed, and the girls had settled into six accustomod chairs, five inquisitive noses and five expectant chins were turned toward Abigall. She spoke, and her words were like

"Dear Ruth," she said. "I always did love her. How nice it is that she has grown up under our united eyes. I may say that our joint hand has formed her. Girls, we do not lose a brother; we gain a sister. At this original remark there was a pentachord of sighs, and then the six shared an unalterable belief

the clip of the shears of Atropos.

"We must go to her at once with our congratulations," continued Abigail. "Shall we wear the moire" asked Eliza-"Certainly, out of respect to the head of

the house." The girls, stiff with proportional shares of that moire antique whose wholesale parchase had been one of the acts of their lamented father and a viaticum to his departure, stalked across the street in order of age-that is, in an actual line. The evening was balmy, and the parlor windows opening on the porch were thrown apart. "We mustn't stand on ceremony with relatives," said Abigail, and one by one they passed into the room like camels through a needle's eye. The interior was dark; yet from the conservatory in the rear there came a glimmer, and thither they made their way. Before the broad arched entrance they paused and reformed their line with the precision of veterans. Then,

forward. Through the clustering palms appeared a glimpse of white. "Yes, there was the sweet child musing doubtfully on the blissfulness of her lot. Twelve arms were elongated to fullest extent, six tongues lisped 'Dear sist-,' and then clove with horror in the roofs of six individual mouths. For as Ruth rose to re-ceive her guests the young doctor rose also, nor did he deem it unbecoming to retain

"Hussy," hissed Abigail. "Well, I never," exclaimed the five. And with vehement gyrations they swept back and away, and if any dust of that house clung to their feet it was not from lack of vigorous shaking. After this it was generally remarked that the Loomis girls began to show their age, successful through constant use. As for Benjamin, when the news was broken to him he became quite tremulous of hand and pallid of lip. But later in the day at the club he regained his equanimity and boasted that, however sweet the song of the sirens, there was no rem-

#### -Hartford Times. Appropriate to the Occasion.

his enthralling embrace.

Boston Treveller A collection was lifted in a Boston Sunday school last Sunday for a foreign mission, and the pupils of one class were asked each to repeat a verse from the Bible appropriate to the occasion. The first boy

"It is more blessed to give than to re-

edy so effective as stuffing one's ears.

"Good!" cried all. And then they went on: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "He that giveth to th poor lendeth to the Lord," and so on. One boy staggered the teacher a bit by "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," but a certain amount of appropriateness was recognized. "Give the devil his due" lengthened some faces when the next boy blurted it out, but the climax was reached and the quotations ended when another boy shouted: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

#### Keeping Lent.

Hartford Courant. Visitor-I'm going to keep Lent in a really spiritual way. I'm going to do all the disagreeable things I've neglected to do. I'm out this morning paying calls. But then he plumed himself on being a resolution, so that this morning I am re- country home to collect a few things that first.

THE Q. C.'S STORY. I am not the least inclined to believe the best of everybody. As it was observed from the bench not so very long ago, the circumstances of my profession do not tend to the fostering of very high illusions, and on the whole it is better policy to ascribe all the vices to our fallow-being until their death, when it is safe to praise them. It has happened to me sometimes that I have been under the necessity of defending a client whose innocence of the charge preferred against him has not seemed very clear, but nevertheless have I been called upon to act so contrarily to my convictions as in the case of "Atherley vs. Atherley and Boisragon," when I was retained as counsel for prosecution.

Lord Atherley I had long known by reputation as a selfish roue, and the closer acquaintance into which this business forced me had not the effect of raising him in my estimation. He had a very disagreeable expression about his flat lips, which denoted cruelty and sensuality, two qualities which so often go together. His conversation was so tinged by that French school of thought which cannot fail to be obnoxious to the more healthy minded Britisher. When he spoke of his wife it was with a determined malice I had naturally supposed to be justified to some extent; but now that I saw them confronted with each other I had no hesitation in deciding who was sinned against and who was the sinner. The Earl, for all his six feet of height and dignity of carriage, looked like a whipped cur when once his wife's gaze fell reproachfully upon him, and when she, at her own request, stood up and declared her innocence in a few words that for the moment impressed the whole court with a sense of their truth, I could only think of Marie Antoinette in the tumbril, with the ribald crowd from Paris thronging round to mock her misery, and a Queen still, although uncrowned. While still a strikingly beautiful woman, Lady Atherley was no longer very young. She might have been thirty-five, but the full lines of her well-formed figure inclined one to credit her with ten years more. Her plain stuff gown had no relief but a white kerchief knotted loosely around her throat, which, combined with her dark hair, just lightly silvered on the temples and thrown And the next day they met her face to back over a cushion, may have suggested face, or rather six faces, and such flinty the French Queen to my mind, and no royalist in the time of the revolution could have been more utterly friendless than she. Secure in her own unassailable position, she had never attempted to conciliate society nor please it, and naturally very proud and self-contained, it is questionable whether even now, in the hours of her degradation, she regretted the line of conduct she

In the gallery were women who, a few months ago, would have been flattered by an invitation to her house, but who now joined in her condemnation, smiling meaningly behind their mufts when young Bols-ragon, of the Guards, was called into the witness-box. Such a nice-looking lad, with honest blue eyes and rough, fair hair, of rather more than regulation length. But his visible reluctance to say anything that could be prejudicial to Lady Atherley, or even hurt her pride, was regarded as fresh evidence against her. No doubt he loved her with that unreasoning yet not altogether inexplicable passion which a young man sometimes conceives for a woman old enough to be his mother, but so far as such feelings can be guiltless, I would have guaranteed that his merited no censure. The reverence of his attitude toward Lady Atherley was apparent, yet did not seem to touch her in the least. When she glanced his way it was with cold distaste, as though blaming him for the indignity of her pres-But warmly as my sympathies were en-

listed in the cause that was not mine, I had a duty to perform, and must not shirk it. Soon I saw that I was destined to succeed against my will. My moderation only helped to injure Lady Atherly, being taken as a sign that I had no doubt as to the issue of the trial, and, indeed, it seemed impossible that she could break through the network of circumstantial evidence which inclosed her. Every fact was dead against her. No woman whose ignorance of evil was not phenomenal in its nature would have done even one of the imprudent things alleged | tion of so many from such a fashionable by the prosecution and not denied. Seldom do I remain in court after my own part in the case is finished, but in this instance I stayed on, wondering if, in spite of all that had apparently been proved, twelve men with presumably some knowledge of human nature, could read ignoble guilt in Lady Atherly's refined features and associate shame with her proud bearing. When the jury re-entered, after forty minutes' absence, and gave the verdict against her, there came over me a feeling that it would be an outrage to look upon her face, and beat a hasty retreat, indignant that once again in my experience might had prevailed against the right. Outside two or three matters combined to

passage when Lady Atherly came by—alone. She stopped at the sight of me. I thought afterward she had remembered me as connected with the trial, but for the moment had forgotten the adverse part that I had taken. She looked dazed and helpless, even pathetically so, considering her magnificent 'What does it mean? Is the case absolutely decided? Is there no appeal?" sne asked me in an agitated whisper; and while mindful of the fact that I was not the person she should have consulted on the mat-

detain me, and I was still standing in the

ter, I felt constrained to say, with formal courtesy, that nothing intervening, the decree nisi would be pronounced in slx "And my husband will be free to marry another woman?" hoarsely. I bowed assent. Words seemed so brutal; and, after all, what need was there words? She could not well be unaware the conditions of divorce. It was only their application to herself that had bewildered and nearly maddened her. Her

"And I? What shall I be then?" "You-you can take any name you choose," awkwardly. "And have the right to none? Oh, my God! to think that it should be so! That I could stand up in court, before all those people, to declare the truth, and not be credited! What a terrible use I have made of my life if now, at middle age, not one man nor woman-no one-who has known me will come forward and say, 'I will not believe this woman guilty of such a hein-

from her lips there burst a tortured cry;

The hoarseness had worn off with speech. Her voice rang out like a challenge which. lost to all sense of procedure or rule, I immediately took up.
"Do not think that, Lady Atherley, I beg. There must be many who believe in you. since even I, a stranger, whose business it was to prove your husband's case, never thought you guilty.

"Yet you spoke against me."

"I was engaged to do so." She looked at me, surprise struggling with contempt in her eloquent dark eyes. "I am very sorry for you," she said presently, in altered tones that at once threw a new and not very pleasant light upon my conduct; and then, drawing her long cloak around her with a shiver, she passed on. I don't think I actually regretted the illidvised candor into which sympathy had forced me. If any cold comfort could be derived from the fact that a hard-hearted old lawyer had for once forgotten legal prudence in his anger at a gross injustice, did not grudge it to her; and I forgave her that inovluntary expressive glance, though it was long before the bitterness of it passed from my recollection. My own feelings would have prompted me to decline further responsibility in the case, only that I hoped to be of use to Lady Atherley by outwardly maintaining smooth relations with her husband-a hope that was, however, doomed to disappointment, When a passionate appeal for the possession of her child came into my hands a few days later I solicited a personal interview with the Earl to urge her claims, but saw at once that nothing would alter his deciston. It was like beating one's brains against a rock. His features remained impassive during all my representations, unil, in desperation, I placed his wife's letter before him. Then it darkened wrathfully, "She is all the world to me. I will not live without her," wrote the frenzied wom-"Lord Atherley has no affection for her. She cannot inherit any of his property, nor will she need any of his money if she comes to me. My own fortune is sufficient for us both." Lord Atherley must have read at least this much of the letter before he refolded t with deliberate care and returned it to

"We will not discuss the matter further." he remarked coldly. "The law does not consider it desirable that a child-especially a female child-should be exposed to the langer of contamination by the gulity mother, and I see no reason why I should e more lenient than the law.' Those words, on which he had laid a sneering emphasis, conveyed to me the impression that Lady Atherley's unpardonable offense was that she had not borne him an heir to his great estates. The knowledge that he had irretrievably ruined her life only added bitterness to his rancor; t would never soften his heart toward her. She was nothing to him now but an uncomfortable recollection, and to be thrust aside, possible, outlived. For the time the matter dropped, and I only heard at intervals of Lady Atherley.

A friend who knew her well and saw that I was interested in her wrote me a long accould be for him. Hostess-And I too have made a similar count of how, when she went to their lected Mayor from whose hat the sow ate Good News. were undisputably her own, there was a popular demonstration, and the tenants of India discovered a working telephone here. Mrs. Shoddie—Huh! It desn't cost half as

The horses were taken out of her carriage. and she was drawn to the castle in triumph, amid cheers and open expressions of sympathy with herself, mingled with muttered imprecations on the Earl. My informant added that during the two miles' procession Lady Atherley, quite overcome by the display of feeling in her favor, sat rigidly upright, with nervously clasped hands, the tears streaming down her face, though once or twice she tried to smile. All this must have been a serious strain upon her health. At the end of six months, when the decision of the court was confirmed, she had an illness that threatened her life, but in doubtful mercy spared it. From another source I heard that all his letters being unanswered, probably unread, oung Bolsragon went to see her, and imlored her, not once, but many times, to e his wife; so that when I read in the Gazette of his exchange into a regiment abroad I knew that he had realized at last the futility of perseverance. After this for a long time I heard no

more. It must have been a year later that I

received an invitation to attend the wed-

ding of the Earl of Atherley, and, every-thing returning with vivid distinctness to

my mind, an irresistible impulse urged me

to see another act in this drama of real

life. I had only been a few moments in the

church before I discerned a tragic element

quite unexpected by the gay assemblage

which rustled up the aisle and chatted through the interval of waiting. There in the gallery to my left, the center of a less distinguished crowd, sat the Lady Ather-No one else was conscious of her presence. It was only by chance I recognized her, for the last year had worked cruel ravages upon her beauty. Beauty it was still, but of a type that, like Medusa's, might turn the beholder into stone. Her face would have been colorless but for the bluish tint shadowing her eyes and mouth, and dark eyes that were strangely devoid of light. Her hair was much whiter now, and gave a waxen hue to her complexion. She was evidently ill. How ill I did not guess, or, regardless of les convenances, I would have left my place and led her forcibly away from too great a trial of her strength. said no one but myself knew she was there. I must make one exception; the Earl of Atherley knew. When he entered he

fears were confirmed by the sight of her he She was a sufficiently conspicuous object now, for the gallery had risen to witness the entrance of the bride. Jady Atherley alone was seated, her body bent forward, and her chin resting on the dark oak railing. It added to the grewsomeness of his situation that only her distraught, horrorstricken tace was seen surrounded by so many standing figures. Life, movement and human interest excited in every person present, while on the forehead of this woman

rapidly swept the church with a glance,

and I saw his face change as his guilty

My eyes wandered to the bride. She was pretty in a happy, mindless fashion, and apparently well satisfied with the future she had secured. She did not interest me, and I looked further to see a tiny train-bearer, some four or five years old, flushed and smiling with an air of shy importance as she trotted past. In an instant it flashed across my mind; this was the daughter of Lord Atheriey and his divorced wife. How would the mother bear it? I wondered, but dared not raise my eyes to see. More still remained for her to endure. The same service which had once been read for her would be read again, even to the bitter mockery of that sentence which surely now has lost its meaning: "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asun-

The bridal pair moved nearer to the altar. The exhortation, "I require and charge you both \* \* \* if either of you know any image pediment," was pronounced without elicit-ing response, and no protest escaped the pale, sad woman whose position and per-sonality were thus publicly denied. Nothing unusual transpired until Lord Atherley de-liberately spoke the words, "I will," then a low, shuddering moan echoed through the church, which must have told to one other, as it told to me, the truth. There was a renunciation in it-renunciation of love, faith, When I looked up the white, set face had disappeared from view and a crowd had collected where it was before. It was only a momentary interruption to the marriage service. Few, if any, besides the Earl and myself, were certain to what it had been due. Some one near me whispered, "A woman fainted," but I knew better. It was death I had seen in her face only a minute or so ago, and, if any doubt were in my mind, the continued disturbance in the left gallery would have destroyed it. A mere fainting fit would not have disturbed the atten-

In the body of the church all went on as before. The services ended, there was an the bride and bridegroom came out together -he pallid and conscience-stricken, but looking neither to the right nor to the left; she as palpably uneasy. There was no happy confidence in her expression; and, though she was trembling violently, she did not cling closer to her husband for support, and yet did not shrink away. It was evident she had not taken this step blindfold, but knew all and weighed all, believing the balance to be in her own favor; therefore, I wasted no pity on her case. Looking upward once again, I saw that the galleries were clearing, and where there had been a crowd were only empty benches and blank space. Was the dead woman lying there alone or were they carrying her to a physician or some hospital in the vain hope that science still might save her? A sudden horrible yet unformed fear caused me to escape through the vestry and hurry to the front, arriving just in time to see a stretcher borne by two men on the very

threshold of the door that led to the gal-"Stand back," I shouted wildly, and there was an evident attempt to carry out my or-der, but the surging crowd behind pushed on, and after a momentary resistance, an uncertain swaying to and fro, the body of the late Lady Atherley was borne out into emerged with his new wife on his arm. So for a few paces, while everybody stared aghast and powerless to interfere, the living and the dead moved on together, while the little child, unconscious of her loss, came on with her soft load of gleaming silk, and was face was drawn in agony, and presently still smiling.

#### -London World. OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Submarine masonry is now made impervious to water by coating it with coal tar. The number of marriages performed throughout the world each day is estimated at three thousand. Two centuries ago liquors, without ex-

ception, were invented and manufactured in the monasteries. Horse shoes of aluminium weighing but seven ounces each are talked of for the use of the cavalry horses in the army. An enumeration of the population of Aggerhus, Norway, in 1763, showed that 150 couples had been over eighty years mar-

London has more houses than Paris, New York, Berlin and Vienna put together, owing to the prevalence of flats in the latter Nearly all of the electrical inventions, excepting the lightning rod and the telegraph,

have come in use since the Centennial expo-The family with the longest known pedigree is that of Confucius, which forms the aristocracy of China. Confucius lived 550 years B. C.

Abel is a Hebrew name, signifying vanity or the Vain One. It was considered very unfortunate among the earlier Hebrews and was rarely used. Absalom was Hebrew, and meant the Father of Peace. It was considered unlucky on account of the violent death of David's favorite son.

In Austria at the present day the public executioner wears a pair of new white gloves every time he is called upon to carry out a capital sentence. The Bank of England manages the entire public debt of Great Britain, and its compensation for doing so has in some years almost equaled \$1,000,000. But ten West Virginia countles have more than twenty thousand inhabitants, while

nineteen have less than ten thousand and

two less than five thousand.

This inscription appears in a Wisconsin cemetery, over the grave of a woman, written by her husband: "Tears cannot restore that, therefore I weep. A pair of gloves passes through nearly two hundred hands from the moment that the skin leaves the dresser's till the time when the gloves are purchased. Though Western Australia is nearly nine times the size of the United Kingdom, its

Baxter, he of the "Saints' Rest." was accustomed to imprisonment so that it gave him little uneasiness. His greatest misery when in jail was to be deprived of his It is reported that in Oklahoma there are already established 165 Methodist, 25 Bap-

population was estimated in March last at

only 59,710, with 10,000 more males than fe-

tist, 24 Congregationalist, 24 Roman Catho-lic, 24 Presbyterian and 6 Episcopal congre-Liberia is the only more or less civilized country where clocks are almost entirely dispensed with. The sun rises exactly at 6 a. m. and sets at 6 p. m. throughout the year, and is vertically overhead at noon. In olden times the Mayor of Leicester. England, was chosen by a sow. The candidates sat in a semi-circle, each holding his hatful of beans in his lap, and he was se-

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It will pay you to examine our Connersville Bedroom Suites before buying. Bedroom suites at \$12.50, worth \$20. Bedroom Suites at \$15, worth \$25. Bedroom Suites at \$25, worth \$40.

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BABY CARRIAGES Just received our new stock of \$18. Baby Carriages. New and beau-Plain and uptiful designs. holstered in all shades.

STOVES-We are Sole Agents for the Garland Stoves and Ranges, the best Stoves made. RUGS-Large Moquette Rugs, \$1. | size room, side wall, border and ceiling, Large Fur Rugs, \$2. Large Smyrna Rugs, \$2.

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10 patterns of our best all-Wool Carpets, 50c. 10 patterns of our Half Wool Carpets, 35c. 20 patterns of our Union Carpets, 29c.

10 patterns of our Cotton Carpets, 15c. 10 patterns of our Hemp Carpets, 10c, 15c, 18c. A good Brussels Carpet, 45c.

A good Velvet Carpet, 75c. 100 pieces of Straw Matting, So

100 pieces of Straw Matting, 10c, worth IDc. 100 pieces Straw Matting, 15c, worth 25c.

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Lace Curtains for one-half their mar-Bed before you buy. Best in the market. Folding \ ket price. Lace Curtains from 50c per Beds, with large mirrors, \$20. Portieres from \$8.50 per pair to

#### WALL PAPER.

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tween the two temples at Pauj, about a mile apart. The system is said to have

been in operation at Pauj for over 2,000 The title and position of cardinal is the highest dignity in the Roman Catholic Church next to the Pope. Cardinals are di-vided into three classes, six cardinal bishops, fifty cardinal priests and fourteen car-

The oldest mathematical book in the world is called the "Papyrus Rhind." It is in manuscript, of course, and was written by one Ahmes, an Egyptian, who lived in the year 2000 B. C. The book is now in the By the force of a wave at Bishop's Rock

lighthouse the bell was torn from its fastenings, although situated one hundred feet above high water mark. At Unst, in the Shetland islands, a door was burst in at a height of 195 feet above the level of the sea An expert tells the people of Ohio that the coal supply of the State is good for a thousand years yet, even if the rate of consumption be more than twice that of the present time. His computation is based on the known coal fields, and he seems to imply that there are others yet to be

The cities of Worsley and St. Helens, in north England, sixteen miles apart, are connected by the most wonderful canal in the world. A tunnel has been cut through the vein of coal which underlies Lancashire, and this is filled with water from the drainage trenches, in which the water is constantly five feet deep.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY. Reason Enough.

New York Weekly. Friend-Why did you refuse that hand some young widower?

Miss Mainchance-He hasn't any relatives that I can send his children to. Guaranteed. Once a Week.

Mrs. Worrit-Oh, doctor, is it really true that there are many people buried alive? Dr. Graves-None of my patients ever

American Winters. Good News.

Teacher-When does the winter season begin' Observing Boy-It generally begins about

Waited Too Long.

New York Weekly. Polite Gentleman (in street car)-Take my Lady-Never mind, thank you. I get out

A Woman's View. Boston Transcript. He (warmly)-You can't make men honest

and virtuous by acts of Congress and Leg-She (artlessly)-It does seem like an impossibility. Not Posted Beforehand. Detroit Tribune.

Willie-Are you sure the baby came from

Mamma-Certainly. Do you doubt it? Willie-I guess he didn't know we had

moved into a flat. A Dreadful Oversight.

Insurance Economist. Mrs. Watts-How is your new girl? Mrs. Potts-Oh, she's a perfect heathen. I left her to straighten things up before the minister called, and she never even

His Limitation.

around as if I wasn't anybody

dusted off the Bible.

Mrs. Gramercy-Your husband is a wonderful man in many ways. Nothing seems Mrs. Park-That's so, my dear. He seems to observe everything but Lent.

A Heavenly Match. New York Weekly. Husband (irritably)-It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was

made in heaven, and yet you order me

Wife (calmly)-Order is heaven's first law. Another Tender Heart. New York Weekly. Clara-Going in for charity again, are you? What is it this time.

Dora-We are going to distribute cheap

copies of Beethoven's Symphonies among

the poor. Music is such an aid to digestion, you know. Vulgar Economy. Miss Shoddie-The Highminds are going

much to send a girl to college as it does to have her at home and keep her dressed up the way we do you.

Father and Son.

Old Groogs (pounding the table)-If you ever want to amount to anything take that butter-dish out of you eye and drop that club you are carrying upside down.

Young Groogs (to himself)—Oh, gwacious! that I should evah have to inhewit a fawtune fwom such a fawther as this!

A Burglar Alarm. Good News.

Little Dot-Would it be wrong to pretend something that wasn't so if you was n danger Mamma-I presume not. Why? Little Dot-I was thinkin' that if a burgiar should break in at night I'd sewatch on the bed post, so he'd think there was a awful cross mouse in the room.

His Favorite Animals.

Good News. Sunday School Teacher-Do you love ani-'That's right; I'm glad you do. What animals do you like best?"

"Goodness! Why do you like snakes?" " 'Cause it ain't wicked to kill 'em.'

Sort of a Mugwump.

Mr. Hardtack-So you want a job, eh! Are you a temperate man? Mose Lincum-Well, sah, I'se kind ob mugwump on de liquor question. Mr. Hardtack-What do you mean? Mose Lincum-Well, sah, my principles total abstinence-total abstinence, sah; but I take a drink when I feels like it.

BITS OF FASHION.

Some bodices have two basques like frills, one longer than the other. The under one is generally of a different material, as black moire, if the dress be of a colored material. Overskirts come slowly but surely to the fore, and the long styles are about equally popular with the pointed apron or tunic shapes. There is no particular enthusiasm, however, over the fashion in any of its

Embroidery done by intricate machine processes, but having all the fine, dainty effect of hand work, is to be this year more than ever favored, as it can be so constantly utilized on both bodices and skirts of new gowns.

Changeable mohairs will be much used for traveling costumes this season. Blue and gold, gray shot with rose or green interwoven with tan color make good semi-dark surfaces for these durable fabrics, that shed dust and do not rub off the least in color. Sashes of every width and color are "in" once again, and a Directoire sash of soft watered silk, satin or faille accompanies very many of the black, gray or violet costumes to be worn during the lenten season. The sash appears as well upon gay toilets that are to appear immediately after

The combination of two materials in the costume will still continue in favor for the spring and summer. The reviving panels and Directoire skirt-fronts demand this. A second material will also be retained for revers, vests, sleeves, bretelles, etc., but this will not alter the number of yards of dress fabric; as all of these accessories are extra. The fundamental design of the costume will remain the same, and still average seven or eight yards of double-width

dress fabric. In the list of summer fabrics are striped and flowered dimities, printed batistes, figured lawns and muslins, linen cheviots, Oxford suitings, linen dacks and drills, Galatea cloths, fancy organiles, French zephyrs, Hindu cloth, silk-weft ginghams, broche crepons, striped and checked bareges, and basket-woven grenadines, with slik or satin' stripes in lovely colors of cameo pink, ciel blue, Spanish yellow, golden green, etc., and in darker shades of sage green, tan, damask rose, golden brown and black. The stylish woman of to-day is a walking encyclopedia of historic suggestions. The latest addition to her store of Henri II capes, Anne of Austria collars, Marie Stu-art bonnets, Josephine bodices, etc., is the Louis XIII coat, which differs from all the other Louis models in that its long basque is cut away very much in front, showing the softly folded serpentine vest of clinging silk or crepon, or ample glove-fitting waistcoat of Marie Antoinette brocade, with its stock collar, neck frill of rare lace, and row of costly buttons. This is, of course, a coat requiring not only special accom-paniments in dress, special occasions for its wear, but likewise special wearers.

Nerve strain can be greatly lessened by a sandwich or a glass of milk when one feels a little done up or even when you feel idle and disinclined to apply to household duties

RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

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